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THE EAGLE



**ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL
MAGAZINE**

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THE EAGLE

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Editorial.

To write an editorial is no mean feat. If any one doubts the truth of this statement, let that person sit down and try. To be brief, we do not intend to waste your time or try your patience by foisting upon you any editorial effusions. We will, therefore, proceed to give a short report on events and persons connected with those events during the past school year and the first portion of this present term.

Thanks to the amount of manuscript sent in, we shall not be reduced to the straits in which the great English Premier Gladstone is said to have found himself at Eton, when, it is related, he wrote the entire number himself.

Wishing every reader a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, we commend this production to your indulgent criticisms, and thus farewell.



School Report.

We began 1904 with a considerable increase in the number of boys, and this continued increase is very gratifying to all connected with the school.

As regards work, a very satisfactory year's work was done all through the school. Amongst the Seniors, Drummond, Plimsoll, Rennoldson and Austin passed the McGill matriculation, while Spain secured his entrance into R. M. C., Kingston, whilst Johnson, Lindsay and Matthews have got through their McGill preliminary examination. As regards sports, last year's football season was only moderate, but we had our share of bad luck, chiefly owing to accidents, etc., which deprived us of the services of some

of our best players. Rennoldson was a most capable and energetic captain both for football and hockey, and to him the success of the school is, in a great measure, due.

We were successful in winning the championship of the Intermediate Hockey League for the third time within six years, but the Juniors were not as successful as we had wished. Cricket, tennis and baseball helped to fill up the rest of the year outside, while gymnasium was taken up in early winter and spring, some good performances being given at the end of the Easter term. The results of the gymnasium and swimming competitions, as well as the names of the hockey seven, will be found in another place.

The Annual Speech Day, fixed for June 14, went off exceedingly well. Proceedings commenced with the laughable farce by J. M. Morton, entitled "Done on Both Sides," which tells of the amusing attempts made by an impecunious couple to marry their daughter to a supposedly eligible young man who turns out to be a sham. The complications which ensue from the old couple's attempt to seem better off than they really are, are not lessened by the appearance of a wealthy though "vulgar" country cousin. He is, however, instrumental in marrying the two parties, who are really in love with each other, and setting them up in life.

The whole piece seemed to be much enjoyed by the audience, all parts being well sustained. McLaren made a very good *Wiffles* and Pain did well as the undesirable relation. Egg should have made more of his love scene with Lydia, but otherwise was quite good, while Reford was a bewitching Lydia; Haskell made a very motherly character—of the look-out-for-a-chance type.

The next item on the programme was the prize-giving, Lady Drummond very kindly presenting each boy with his prize, also handing a cup, presented by the Headmaster, to each member of the champion hockey team. The winners of the swimming and gymnasium competitions also received cups presented by friends of the school. The Headmaster next made his report on the work done during the year and also touched upon several domestic problems which were of universal importance. We should like to reiterate his remarks on hockey, more especially as we are once again on the threshold of a new season:—

"I denounce the two-piece suit and suggest that every boy should wear a waistcoat in the winter months. As a

cure for inattention I recommend that every boy should be in bed by 9 p.m. in term-time. I earnestly plead that sport should be *sport* and not brutality, and suggest that, if the fair sex would grace the matches with their presence, boys would disdain all dirty play and would seek to win their favour by noble actions.

The Headmaster's speech was followed by one from Lady Drummond and the Rev. Edmund Wood. The evening was brought to a close by the production of a second farce, entitled "My Turn Next." This humourous sketch dealt with the fear of an old apothecary lest he should be done to death by his wife—a widow, who went having gone under various cognomens while the wife of a previous husband, to avoid payments of debts. On his demise she was reported to have poisoned several husbands owning the names she had adopted. This rumour of dark deeds performed by his wife is increased in his suspicious mind by her otherwise commonplace actions, but eventually all is satisfactorily explained. Hebden, as the suspicious chemist, *Taraxicum Twitters* and Macklin as *Peggy* were wonderfully good, as not only were their parts well known, but they showed a large amount of individuality and feeling. Haultain as *Tim Bolus* was exceedingly funny, especially when he thinks he is poisoned; French as *Tom Trap* made a good "man about town," and Stanton (ii) made a good rustic yokel. Brown and Clarkson, while certainly attractive looking, neither acted with any spirit nor spoke very clearly.

Mr. C. V. Fosbery is to be congratulated on the manner in which he worked up his play, and the thanks of all those who took part are due to the final touches given by the Headmaster. Thus a very pleasant evening was spent, and thus another year of work and play, fraught, we hope, with good results for future years, came to an end, for the following day saw our numbers scattering in all directions, till September should again recall us to settled work.

When this number sees the light, we shall have completed nearly a third part of our school year. We have had a pleasant though not uniformly successful season, as our sporting pages will show, but we have good material in hand, which, with increased experience, should render a very good account of itself. We look forward to a pleasant and successful hockey season.

B. E. W.

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Headmaster's Remarks.

A few words concerning the routine of the school may be of interest to most of our readers.

It is one of the chief aims of the Headmaster that boys shall regulate their own affairs in playtime as much as possible. Accordingly, the boys of each form elect their own captain, whose duty it is to watch the interests of each individual in his form and to report to the Prefects any case of bullying. The Prefects consist of the 5th Form Boys who, after consulting with the Headmaster, mete out a fit punishment to the offender. Although it is possible that the Prefects themselves may prove to be bullies, it may safely be said that they have justly earned the thanks of the Juniors and Preparatory School boys for the freedom which they enjoy.

It is the Headmaster's wish that every boy shall take part in the sports, while drill and gymnastics form part of the curriculum.

Each section of the school, viz., Senior, Junior and Preparatory, has the exclusive use of the playground and gymnasium at certain hours, and no boy need leave the school till lock-up at 5.30 p.m. All boys have the opportunity of taking extra subjects, such as Drawing, Music, Boxing, Shorthand, Typewriting and the Sloyd system of woodwork.

A few words of advice may not be out of place. All boys should learn to be busy and have some definite occupation. "Fooling around" is disgraceful. They should learn to give pleasure as well as to receive it. Selfishness is the cause of countless miseries. They should endeavour in all their actions to prove themselves gentlemen.

C. S. F.

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The Battle of Trafalgar.

(SENIOR PRIZE ESSAY.)

If the tide of time were to flow back on its course exactly one hundred years, and one was to be in the vicinity of Cape Trafalgar, the boom of cannon, mingled with hoarse shouts, and the clouds of smoke interspersed with ships' spars, would proclaim that a desperate struggle was in progress—the Battle of Trafalgar, the last of the great

sea-fights which saved Britain and gave her the undisputed supremacy of the seas.

For it was in this battle that many men, including Horatio Nelson, the greatest seaman Britain has ever produced, or ever will, gave up their lives in the struggle for the welfare of their country, and the shattering of the powers of France and Spain, dangerous allied foes, with whom Britain had been struggling intermitantly from the early periods in the history of Britain as a country.

But although every man who stood his pounding in that most heart-rending of battles is long since dead, the names of Nelson, the "Victory" and Trafalgar are remembered throughout Britain's entire domain.

What name is more glorious than these? The name of each one could fitly be written over the entrance of our Temple of Fame. England is what she is because a little one-eyed, one-armed seaman, spent with care and disease, shattered the fleets of Spain and France, and thus made Napoleon's plan of envading England impossible, while at the same time he gave his country her rightful place among the nations by giving her supreme command of the seas on the twenty-first of October, 1805.

Far back in the early days, when Britain was but a weak country, there are records of terrible encounters between the French at the time of the Normans and the Britains.

Thus it continued all through the early periods, until the reign of Elizabeth, when Spain, at that time the most powerful sea-power, allied herself with France, thus making a very formidable and menacing enemy.

But with great vigour and by dint of valour, England held her own, defeating Philip and the Armada, thus weakening Spain's naval strength for years to come.

So the conflict went on, first one side becoming victorious, then the other, but in reality Britain had to her credit more victories than defeats, so that, wearied at last of the interminable struggle, France and Spain gathered together a huge army and navy, in 1793, as a last effort to subdue and conquer England.

A little previous to this, the attention of England had been drawn to a young sailor, Horatio Nelson by name, who by his splendid actions, was being advanced rapidly, until at the age of twenty or twenty-one he was a Post-Captain.

In appearance Nelson was disappointing, being weakly from all outward appearances, totally unsuited to any very strenuous work. But inwardly, he was a man of moral strength, with a great sense of duty, which, coupled with

the kindness and thoughtfulness that he had for his men, made him dearly loved amongst them.

He had been in one hundred and twenty engagements, in all of which he had shown great pluck and determination, and in these fights, had himself lost an eye at Calvi, as well as an arm at Teneriffe, while again he had contracted a disease in the service of his country, which was gradually but surely sapping away his life, despite his fierce efforts to master it.

As the result of his genius, he was made four years after the war with France broke out, the second in command to Admiral Jervis, under whom he did splendid work, especially when at Abourkir Bay he defeated the French fleet in a tremendously hard-fought battle.

In consequence of this, he was raised to the peerage, being made as Viscount Nelson. This splendid record, together with his equally fine character, caused him to be detailed to carry out the naval operations of the British fleet, against Napoleon's fleet, in charge of Villeneuve, a brave and loyal servant to the Corsican.

To Nelson the time was one of tremendous anxiety. He knew that the fate of his country lay in his hands, that some of his ships were absolutely unfit for active service, much less actual fighting, but he knew that the seamanship of his officers was greatly superior to that of the French, and also that the love his men had for him, would cause them to fight like the old-time heroes.—to the death, a fact which caused to even up matters considerably. But where was the enemy? Hearing them to be in the West Indies, he sailed thither in search of them, but before he reached the blue waters of the Caribbean sea, they were off again.

He chased them back to Europe again, fretting at the contrary winds, while anxious lest London be in the hands of the Corsican.

But Providence was kind to Britain. Sir Robert Calder, with his fleet had defeated the French, and although the battle was indecisive, the French has sailed South.

Although the danger of an invasion was past, Nelson's work was not yet done, for the allied fleet was still on the seas, threatening and dangerous.

Therefore he set sail southwards after the flying enemy, and on his arrival off the Spanish coast, received intelligence that the combined fleet under Admiral Villeneuve, was in the harbour of Cadiz.

But would he come out and face his terrible antagonist Nelson, or would he postpone the battle as long as possible? For although Villeneuve was a brave man, he might

well have shrunk from meeting Nelson, and though Ville-neuve knew the orders to be the death warrant of the French navy, yet he obeyed, for he was a brave man as well as a loyal servant to his king Napoleon.

Thus it was, that on the morning of the twenty-first of October, the French fleet left the friendly shelter of Cadiz, and faced the British fleet in the open.

Keeping well down below the horizon, yet never out of touch of his quarry, Nelson waited till the French and Spanish fleet got clear of the harbour so as to give them no chance of getting back to its friendly shelter, then, and not till then did he give the signal to advance.

Nelson formed his fleet into two columns, himself in the "Victory" at the head of one, and Admiral Collingwood his second-in-command, in the "Royal Sovereign" at the head of the other. This done he waited.

Slowly the French fleet advanced, and at last Nelson gave the signal, as the combined fleets turned Northwards to advance into action. Then crowding on all available sail, the British fleet bore down on the enemy in two parallel columns.

His plan was clear; he intended to break the opposing line in two places, and then turn and encompass the fifteen or sixteen ships between them and destroy them.

Silently the two fleets draw closer, every man throbbing with excitement and waiting eagerly for the strife to begin with excitement and waiting eagerly for the strife to masthead the famous message; "England expects that every man will do his duty." Each ship repeats the signal. Down both lines the flags flutter, and a mighty roar goes up from British throats, a cheer that tells Nelson that every man from admiral to powder-monkey will do his duty to the bitter end.

In a few minutes the "Royal Sovereign" strikes the enemy's line, closely followed by the other ships, and all were instantly wrapped in a pall of heavy smoke.

Then the "Victory" went into action, with her colours nailed to several of her most conspicuous parts. Ship engaged ship, now locked together, now wide apart, while British, French and Spanish alike, seemed plunged into utter confusion.

Nelson's ship being the flag-ship, was often in danger, her decks ran red with blood and the dead and dying were scattered thick around the guns.

In the midst of all this carnage and strife, Nelson himself was struck down, mortally wounded, and as he lay in

agony in the cockpit, he listened eagerly for the first sounds of victory, for which he had not long to wait, for, twenty minutes after he was shot, the "Redoubtable" hauled down her colours and surrendered, she was followed by others, and as the British cheers grew louder and more frequent, the face of the dying man lit up. "How goes the day with us?" he asked Hardy, his great friend. "Ten ships have struck" was the reply.

When an hour later he was told that the number had increased to fifteen, he whispered, "It is well, but I bargained for twenty."

Then within another hour he departed this life, happy in the fulfilment of his duty, his last words amply bearing out the fact, they being, "I have done my duty, I thank God for it."

Thus died Nelson, the almost idolized chief of the British Navy, and the saviour of his country.

At the close of the day, eighteen of the great ships, which that morning had left Cadiz in all their pomp and splendour lay motionless on the water, mere dismantled hulks, testifying to British marksmanship and valour.

But the victory was a dearly-bought one, for Nelson, together with over a thousand of his men was dead, killed in the successful struggle for their country. Thus is Trafalgar remembered.

As one looks back over the hundred years that have elapsed since that desperate struggle, one cannot but marvel at the changes brought about by time.

Spain has ceased to be a power, and France, though still a large and mighty nation, has long since ceased to challenge Britain's supremacy over the waves.

Rivalries no doubt still exist, but the peace has not been broken since Waterloo, the final defeat of Napoleon, nearly a hundred years ago.

The French President is a welcome visitor in England, while just lately the French fleet visited England, it being the first one to come in peace.

Now the English and French merchants do a large trade between themselves, and altogether the two nations are on the friendliest of terms.

What a change, for just a hundred years ago the two nations were in a death-struggle, which ended in a triumph for Britain, owing to the glorious victory of Nelson, in the hard-fought and memorable battle of Trafalgar, on the twenty-first of October, 1805.

F. S. B. HEWARD,

October, 1905.

A Voyage up the St. Lawrence.

'The land once more appears to view;
And with it, beauteous visions new
Amaze our starving, wondering gaze,
And hold us fast in raptured maze.

Anigh Newfoundland's icebergs lie,
And, as the sun begins to die,
Their rugged sides of sheeny blue
Myriads of sparkling beams renew.

Dark grows the deep sphere overhead,
The tardy sun sinks to its bed,
Yet ere it goes and bids us dream,
It shines upon St. Lawrence stream.

We've passed from out the ocean wide,
And calmly sail upon the tide
Of river, bound with peaceful towns,
And clothed with verdan sylvan downs.

Up, up the placid stream we go,
And scarce disturb its tranquil flow.
While overhead star-spangled night
Instils a drowsy calm delight.

The moon affords its silvery beam,
And makes the wond'ring traveller dream
If elsewhere, 'neath the dome of heaven
Luna such beauties e'er had given.

From point to point the buoys shine bright,
In endless line of guardian light;
Arranged in careful ordered line,
With here and there a branch of pine.

The night sleeps on; and one by one
Repose each voyager has won.
Save only those who vigil keep,
To guide us safe while still we sleep.

Anon the glorious morn will break,
And us to added wonders wake.
The early riser beauties sees,
Undreamt by those who rest in ease.

Yet early, as the mist hangs low,
Glimpses of marge begin to glow:
Awhile, a church begins to rear
Its spire, to many a settler dear.

Next, village indistinct and dim,
Gathered round the river's brim,
Grows to the sight, while yet we stand,
With sun reflected from the sand.

The sun has risen overhead,
The pilot heaves his sounding-lead;
Anon, we mark the busy toil
Of Habitant upon the soil.

Then pass an island verdure clad,
With hours of pouring sunshine glad;
Or boat, on work or pleasure went,
Each on its own affairs intent.

From peaceful scenes our leave we take,
And pass, where noises rudely wake
Our dazed vision unawares,
To sights of life and all its cares.

High overhead above us towers,
And with its warlike visage lowers,
A citadel of massive mould
Forbidding still the foeman bold.

Beneath, descending from the ledge,
A city meets the river's edge,
With streets and houses wondrous wise,
Of old world time and form and size.

A wharf, and all its busy throng
Then meets the eye, three streams among;
Three streams united here in one
Henceforth their lonely journey done.

Then on we pass through narrowing strait,
And now are come to Commerce gate,
And stopped by rapids distant roar,
Mount Royal draws us to the shore.

Soon signs of thronging city life
 With noisy mart and turbid strife,
 Deafen the ear and dull the brain,
 Bidding us haste our steps amain.

Not ever was this ceaseless flow
 Of men, nor ever down below
 The clanging thunder of the port,
 No noisy tug the harbour sought.

We may not dream; our task to find
 In this world's life our course assign'd.
 Yet may we pause, a moment's rest,
 To breathe and start again with zest.

B. EVELYN WHITE.

November 26, 1905.



A Journey to the Tropics.

BY AN OLD BOY.

Some few years ago an opportunity presented itself by which I was enabled to visit the West Indies, not in the beaten track of the occasional tourist, with every luxury and convenience of modern travel, but two of us, both old St. John's boys sailing as the only passengers on a steamer with something of a roving commission.

The journey, with the exception of a single incident, was not marked by any of these stirring adventures and thrilling escapes which colour the pages of Henty, or the now seldom read, but never-to-be-forgotten, Marryatt and Kingston. Yet even in these days a journey across the gulf stream, down through the Bahamas and into the Carribean Sea, although without extraordinary adventure is by no means uninteresting.

We sailed from Philadelphia, leaving Montreal in March, when the snow still lay thick upon the ground.

Just before leaving a couple of disreputable-looking individuals appeared on deck, and, after a short interview with the captain, one of them took his place among the crew.

Later we learned that the days of the Crimp are by no

means at an end. This unfortunate fellow while on shore leave from an Australian ship, had found his way to one of the low haunts or dives, of which there are many in all sea-port towns, and there liberally supplied with liquor, had remained in a drunken stupor until after his ship had sailed. He now owed the proprietor of the den a considerable amount for board and lodging, charged at exorbitant rates, and nothing remained for him but to find a new berth.

And, under the law, any captain short-handed enough to need this beauty enjoys the privilege of paying his debts without deducting it from his wages. Our captain did it with a very ill-grace, and the man was certainly a gold brick, a skulker and discontented rascal.

The captain, a first-class intelligent fellow, and the balance of the ship's company were French-Canadians.

Our ship had been built for the passenger trade between New York and Liverpool, and, becoming out of date in point of equipment and size, had been relegated to a humbler sphere.

Despite numerous alterations and cutting away of cabin and staterooms to enlarge the cargo space, there still remained a comfortable cabin or dining saloon and a good-sized stateroom for each of us.

We dined with the captain, whose tastes were studied by the steward in arranging the *menu*, with the result that salt junk formed the *piece de resistance* at each meal.

This choice morsel was kept in a cask of brine, and a huge lump fished out by the cook when required. Its full enjoyment is an acquired taste, and our sojourn on board was not sufficiently long to cultivate it properly. However, we tackled it, and felt considerably elated over our ability to get outside such an article of diet, particularly as the ship commenced to wobble about. However, the entire absence of any symptom of internal uneasiness developed a lofty contempt for any such weakness to be rudely shaken in the course of the next few days.

On the morning of the third day out we entered the gulf stream, and the change in temperature and in the appearance of the sea and sky was immediately evident.

The colour of the water was no longer green, but of a deep blue; the sky was clear and the sun's rays more direct; the days grew longer and the nights of a dazzling brilliancy.

We moved our quarters at night and slept on deck; each morning in lieu of a tub we had a bucket which the steward filled over the side and threw the water over us as we stood on deck.

While in the gulf stream we encountered our first storm, and it was a good healthy one, seas washed over the deck and it was impossible to venture out, and, in fact, it was just about this time that we sat with our head in our hands and thought that as a matter of choice a journey on firm, motionless land beat any sea trip, and, if the return journey could have been made by land, would have been willing to walk; but most of us have had this experience, and the next day our views had completely altered.

We saw shoals of flying fish from the water rise skimming the surface for a distance of about fifty feet, and always above them hovered the sea birds darting in amongst the shoal while in flight, and seizing their victim. On one occasion as a wave receded from the deck one of these beautiful little fish was caught in the gunwall netting, and I secured it.

Dolphins sprang along beside the ship, leaping in and out of the water with graceful bounds; at times gazing into the clear blue depths we saw sword fish darting by; our first view of the shark was while lying at anchor off the coast of Hayti, and a formidable looking brute he is.

Our boat was a slow goer, but the chart and the daily observations of the captain told us of our progress south, and at night the southern cross appeared in the heavens. It is a beautiful and interesting sight, as so much has been read and heard of this constellation. It seems to lie in the heavens far down on the horizon and has almost the appearance of being suspended from above.

At last we approached the Island of Jamaica, and singularly enough first detected its proximity by the smell as of damp earth which was perceptible long before the land became visible, and a very grateful sniff it was.

C. C. JACKSON.

(To be continued.)



Sporting Notices.**QUEBEC HIGH VS. ST. JOHN'S.**

On Saturday morning, October 14, one of the best matches of the season was played between our senior team and Quebec High School. Score 11 to 0 in favour of High.

The Quebecers, with our old master, Mr. Dunlop, were met at the boat by Stanton and McLaren, who escorted them up to the school. The game started punctually at 10 a.m. In the first half, the home team found that it would have hard work to win, for the High halves were fast, and kept the ball well within our twenty-five yard line. Stanton (1), with his two halves, Milestone and Renaud, made some long runs, but did not succeed in scoring. Haultain, quarter, and Johnson, scrimmage, bucked well, and McLaren left wing wing, made two good runs. Much improvement was shown by the whole team over their previous display. We regret that it was impossible to send a team to Quebec to play a return match.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Dunlop (of Quebec) and Rennoldson (of McGill; last year's captain) for so kindly refereeing the game.

ST. JOHN'S VS. HIGH SCHOOL.

The High School, on October 16, gave us a hard match on our ground, scoring 44 points. Stanton (1) did some fast work, being well seconded by Renaud and Henderson. Haultain had difficulty in picking the ball out of the scrimmage, but twice succeeded in bucking through their line, gaining several yards each time, in spite of their weight, which was far greater than ours. Both sides were well satisfied with the refereeing of Owens (an old St. John's boy) and Craig (High School).

ST. JOHN'S VS. CRICHTON.

A good match was played on our ground on October 19, between our senior team and Crichton school, St. John's winning by 11 points to 6. The home halves did good work, both in bucking and running, but the wings found difficulty in breaking through the line. Our quarter-back, Haultain, distinguished himself by several rushes.

The Crichton halves were fairly fast, and their quarter-back, Thomson, was certainly a good player. The match was such a success that arrangements were made for a re-

turn match to be played on the M. A. A. A. grounds, November 1.

ST. JOHN'S VS. LENNOXVILLE COLLEGE SCHOOL.

This match was played on October 25, on the school ground, in fine weather. An interesting game was witnessed by a good crowd, and was not so one-sided as the score would seem to indicate. We were unfortunately in a rather crippled condition as Stanton (i) and Renaud were lamed and hardly fit to play, and McArthur was an absentee, thus letting in Brown (ii). St. John's held their heavier opponents to 12 points to one in the first half, Henderson scoring by a kick behind the dead-ball line. In the second half, however, weight began to tell, and Lennoxville added 33 more points. Renaud of Abingdon, and Pain, of St. John's gave every satisfaction as umpire and referee respectively.

ST. JOHN'S VS. CRICHTON SCHOOL.

Played November 1, St. John's were still without a full team, McLaren and McArthur being away. The only score in the first half was a kick behind the dead-ball line by Crichton. In the second half, with the wind behind them, St. John's played up much better, and Haultain got over for a touch, which Johnson failed to convert. Renaud and F. Stanton both crossed the line for touches, but neither were converted. Renaud, Haultain, F. Stanton and Johnson all played a very good game. This is the second time during the present season that we have beaten our old opponents. The team was as usual, except that Brown (ii) and Young (i) took the places of McArthur and McLaren.

RETROSPECT.

The first few practice games of the season gave promise of a strong team; but these promises were hardly fulfilled.

We had lost several of our old players whose place would be difficult to fill, but some promising material was forthcoming, and next year with further experience and weight the team should be hard to beat.

We were decidedly unlucky as regards accidents, which prevented a full team being played on many occasions, notably in the Lennoxville game, where three men were incapacitated.

Many interesting games were played, especially those with the Quebec High School and Crichton.

On behalf of the School generally we tender our thanks to those ladies who have honoured our matches by their presence.

We must not end without a tribute of thanks to the splendid enthusiasm and untiring zeal of Mr. Powter, in training up the team to such a good knowledge of the game, which should bear its good fruit next season.

The regular team was composed of the following :

Full Back... ..	F. B. Heward.
Half Backs... ..	{ R. Renaud.
	{ F. A. Stanton (capt.).
	{ C. Henderson.
Quarter Back... ..	A. G. Haultain.
Forwards... ..	{ R. McLaren.
	{ M. Haskell.
	{ S. B. Lindsay.
	{ C. McArthur.
	{ F. H. Johnson.
	{ A. Pelletier.
	{ W. Milestone.
Spares... ..	{ K. Stanton.
	{ J. Hebden.
	{ H. Young, i.
	{ W. Brown, ii.

SCHOOL NOTES.

A paperchase was held on October 7; McLaren and Renaud were chosen "hares" and laid a tricky course over the Mountain, and back by Westmount Golf Links. The Junior "hounds," started by Mr. Fosbery, were started 5 minutes and the Seniors 7 minutes. The leading hounds, Pelletier, Young (i) and Penny (i) came home 41 minutes after the hares.



Hockey Prospects.

St. John's School, after having distinguished itself so must last year by winning the Schools' League Intermediate Trophy, had expected to enter a Senior Team this year; but, owing to the loss of three of the best men, Rennoldson who is at McGill; Spain at The Royal Military College, Kingston; Monsarrat, business), it was found impossible to do so.

Of the old team, Johnson, Haskell and Henderson, of the defence line, and Pain, of the forwards, remain, thus leaving three vacancies. These will probably be filled up by Hebden (i), (who was unable to play last year), Heward (i) and Renaud. It is noticeable that the defence line is made up entirely of reliable old players, but that the forwards will require some practice before they acquire the skill of last year's.

Even though a team is not entered in the Inter-scholastic League this year, another opportunity of winning a trophy has presented itself in the shape of the Carling cup, which has been presented to the Headmaster of Ashbury College, Ottawa, by Mrs. Fred Carling, to be played for by the hockey teams of Ashbury College, Ottawa; St. John's School, Montreal, and St. Alban's School, Brockville, and such other schools as the Headmaster may select.

This offers a splendid chance to St. John's, not only to win a handsome cup, but also gives the selected seven a good opportunity to see Brockville and Ottawa.

R. McLAREN.

Critique of Players.

F. A. Stanton (age 18, weight 151 lbs.)—Centre half, third year on team. Has made a very good captain. Is fast and works very hard, sound both in attack and defence.

W. R. McLaren (17, 137 lbs.)—Left wing, second year on team. Holds his man well and tackles fairly. Was very prominent in Quebec High School game. Should develop into a useful man.

A. G. Haultain (18, 111 lbs.)—Quarter, third year on team. This was his first attempt at quarter, but he was quite as much a success there as at full back. His tackling is very sure, and he bucks very well. One of the mainstays of the team.

F. S. B. Heward (14, 121 lbs.)—Full back, second year. Sometimes kicks and tackles well. Should improve next year.

C. Henderson (16, 144 lbs.)—Right half, second year. Also played outside wing, showed great improvement on last year; should be very valuable next season.

S. B. Lindsay (16, 125 lbs.)—Right wing, second year.

Followed up well, but tackled poorly; did not improve very much.

M. O. Haskell (14, 110 lbs.)—Outside wing, second year. Did some very good work, fast and a good tackler, but is too light to do much against a heavy team.

J. B. Hebden (16, 134 lbs.)—Right wing, second year. Showed great improvement on last year's form. Is a valuable man in almost any position. Holds his man well and follows up fast, but his tackling is rather weak.

F. H. Johnson (16, 145 lbs.)—Centre scrimmage, third year. No one on the team showed a greater improvement on last year's form. Did all that was required of him, tackled well and was always on the ball.

C. McArthur (15, 135 lbs.)—Outside scrimmage, second year. Played a very useful, steady game right through the season. Should do very well next year.

A. Pelletier (17, 124 lbs.)—Outside scrimmage, first year. Started at a disadvantage in not knowing the game, but soon became very useful.

R. R. Renaud (15, 140 lbs.)—Left half, first year. A very useful player, but has not yet got rid of a bad fault of fumbling, a fault very common throughout the team; very fast and tackles well.

W. Milestone (14, 102 lbs.)—Right wing, first year. Though new the Canadian game he soon picked up its points, chief, and only wants more weight to develop into a very useful player.

K. Stanton (14, 105 lbs.)—Left wing. Promises to turn into a most useful man, tackles hard and follows up well; played uniformly well in all matches.

H. Young.—Should find a place on the team next year, as he is fast and tricky, but he needs to tackle harder and more often.

W. Brown (ii.)—Will make a very useful scrim. man next year. Works hard right to the end.

B. French.—Works hard and is improving. Should find a place in the team next year.

F. A. STANTON.

W. R. McLAREN.

McGill.

Having been reminded at every turn since September 20, that I was a Freshie, it is, with rather a pleasant sensation, that I write this short article on McGill, in the character of an *Old Boy*.

The entrance exams form the thorny path which lead to many very delightful experiences in University life, more especially if one enters after having been prepared at dear old St. John's, for you find yourself able to tackle nearly all the difficult problems which crop up. Study is interlarded with lots of fun; the "Rush" and "Theatre Night" stand out conspicuously and were greatly enjoyed this year; especially the former, for the Freshmen won a complete victory. As the exact date of the "Rush" is never known, it is always well to wear, until it has come off, a suit sufficiently strong to resist the unusual wear and tear of the *mélée*, and so avoid the predicament of the student who had everything torn off except his trousers.

On the second afternoon of the Session, a freshman's meeting was held; during which, amidst the wildest cheering, we accepted the Sophomore's invitation to meet them on "the bank." My sensations during the scramble were those of forever rolling down the hill, sometimes on top and sometimes underneath one's opponent. At the close of the "Rush," the onlookers, consisting chiefly of third and fourth year men, pronounced 'og to be "all right," and we freshies, for the first time, felt the happy sensation of being really McGill men. Of the glory and fun of "theatre night," with its costumes, songs, fireworks and fun of all kinds. I shall not even begin to write; it would be putting too heavy a burden on the back of "The Eagle!" and most of you will probably experience it for yourselves. I hope I have not given the idea that college is all play; it is hard work, interspersed with play, and on many days with the play left out.

To a man willing to work McGill is full of opportunities, and I cannot close in a better way than by quoting the following, which will apply equally to school and college life:—

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it; and, as we read the words, we can surely

discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue:

"What is thy name, O Statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."—*Christian Press*.

A. R. W. PLIMSOLL.



Wise and Otherwise.

Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as want of heart.

Active doer, noble liver,
Strong to labour, sure to conquer.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

Darkness before, all joy behind!
Yet keep thy courage, do not mind:
He soonest reads the lesson right,
Who reads with back against the light!

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Up comrades! up and doing!
Manhood's rugged play—
Still renewing, bravely hewing,
Through the world our way!

Do the duty which lies nearest you,
 Every duty which is bidden wait, returns
 With seven fresh duties at its back.

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man;
 and writing an exact man.

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
 Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring,
 For shallow draughts intoxcate the brain,
 But drinking largely sobers us again.

Time wasted is *existence*, used, is *life*

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And, departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.



Well said Pat, "clever as ye are, ye can't tell me what keeps bricks together?"

"Shure," said Mike, "its the Mortar."

No," said Pat, "It's wrong that ye are shure morthor keeps them apart.



"How do you like school?" asked a father of his little daughter, after her first day.

"I like it awfully," was the reply.

"And what did you learn to-day?" asked the interested

"Oh! a lot," she replied, "I've learnt the names of all the boys.



A Clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one frosty day when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The Minister, looking at him a moment, and seeing that he was not much hurt, said to him:—

"Friend, sinners stand in slippery places."

The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said:—

"I see they do; but I can't"!

He had lent her his stylographic pen to direct an envelope.

She: "Oh! it writes beautifully. I declare I'm in love with it."

He: "I'm in love with the holder," she saw the point.

* * * *

Irish Officer: "Why were you late in barracks last night, Private Atkins?"

Pte Atkins: "Train from London was very late sir."

Irish Officer: "Very good; next time the thrain's late take care you come by an earlier one."

◆ ◆ ◆

Definitions.

After dark—Chasing a negro.
 A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.
 A singular being—A bachelor.
 A taking person—A policeman.
 A cool proceeding—Kissing a girl's snowy brow.
 A great hardship—An iron-clad.
 The best illustrated paper—A bank note.
 How to find a girl out—Call when she isn't in.
 The best place of meeting—A butchers.
 What's in a name? Vowels and consonants.
 Sleight of hand—Refusing a marriage proposal.
 Strange behavior—A vessel hugging the coast.
 Light work—The Gas man's.

* * * *

"Father, what is a point of interrogation?"

"A point of interrogation, my child, is a little thing that asks questions.

* * * *

"Have your Moore's Poems," inquired a charming young thing of the book-store clerk. "One moment," answered he, "but have you read the latest novel 'Just one kiss and—'" "I want Moore," she answered haughtily.

School Notes.

The Prize Winners last June were :

Form v.—Drummond, Plimsoll, Rennoldson, Spain, McLaren.

Form iv.—French, Hebden (i), Heward (i), Johnson, Lindsay.

Form iii. (a)—Egg, McCann, Young (i), (b) Hebden (ii), Scott.

Form ii.—Sutherland.

Champions of Inter-School Hockey League-Intermediate.—W. B. Rennoldson, R. Spain, G. F. Pain, H. R. Monsarrat, C. Henderson, F. H. Johnson, M. Haskell, Spare H. Young.

Winners of Gymnastical.—Senior D. Rennoldson, Junior (a) H. Young, Junior (b) R. Young.

Winners of Swimming Competition—

Senior Swimming, 100 yds... A. D. Cooke.

Junior Swimming, 50 yds... F. S. B. Heward.

Senior Dive... A. D. Cooke.

Junior Dive... G. Williams.

Obstacle Race, 50 yds... A. B. Carrington.

Preparatory Race, 25 yds... R. Young.

Winner of Billiard Handicap... R. McLaren.

Head Boy, 1904-5... G. M. Drummond.

Captain... D. B. Rennoldson.

The following Old Boys are now at McGill:—A. R. Plimsoll, whom we congratulate on being made reporter for his "year" and on distinguishing himself during the "Rush" and also on Theatre Night, G. M. Drummond, D. Rennoldson, who played in the Freshmen vs Sophomore's match; W. Austin and C. Matthews, whilst among the older members of the University still at McGill are L. Haskell, C. Heward, D. Graham, H. A. Ekers, S. B. Lindsay.

We congratulate G. R. Spain upon his success in entering the R. M. C. Kingston.

Stanton (i), was elected captain of Football, and Heward

i (junior), for the season of 1905. The following are pre-prefect this year; R. McLaren (senior), French, Haskell, Haultain, Hebden (i), Heward (i), Johnson, Lindsay, Pain, Stanton (i), Renaud, Cleghorn (i), Cleghorn (ii).

At a meeting held to discuss the working of "The Eagle," the following officers were elected.

Editor... .. B. Evelyn White, B.A.

Sub-Editors... .. { F. S. B. Heward.
 { F. S. Johnson.

Sporting Editors... { F. Stanton.
 { R. McLaren.

Business Manager.. J. Hebden.

Financial Officers... { J. Hebden.
 { B. French.

We congratulate Arthur French on taking his degree as B.A., from Keble College, Oxford, England.



Rules and Regulations.

1. *Contributions for the next number of The Eagle should be written on one side of the paper only and should be sent in to the Editor not later than March the first.*

2. *The Editor asks for contributions from all forms in the School.*

3. *If a nom de plume is given the contributor's full name should in all cases be sent.*

4. *The terms of subscription are 15 cents per copy or 45 cents for the year.*

5. *Correspondence is invited on matters of general interest, or suggestions as to additions to, or improvements in the Magazine, etc.*

6. *Subscriptions, payable in advance, should be sent to either of the following, at the School:*

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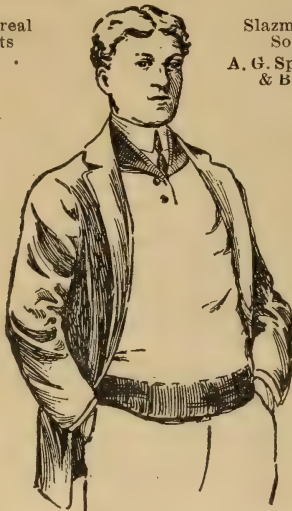
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CASH INCOME from Premiums, Interest, Rents, &c.	4,561,936.19
Increase over 1903	\$575,796.69
ASSETS as at 31st December, 1904	17,851,760.92
Increase over 1903	\$2,345,984.44
UNDIVIDED SURPLUS over all Liabilities except Capital (according to the Company's Standard, the Hm. Table, with 4 p.c. interest on policies issued before December 31st, 1899, and 3½ p.c. on those issued since)	1,279,446.09
Increase over 1903	\$278,063.60
PROFITS paid Policy-holders.	117,238.21
DEATH CLAIMS, Matured Endowments, Profits and all other payments to Policyholders during 1904	1,374,045.92
ALL PAYMENTS to Policy-holders since organization	11,470,082.57
LIFE ASSURANCES in force, December 31st, 1904	85,327,662.85
Increase over 1903	\$9,646,473.98

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